IN THE LAND OF OPHIR.

SCENE OF THE NEW ZULUWAR.

THE TRAGIC STORY OF T'CHAKA THE BLOODY, AND THE MATABELE KINGDOM.

THE CONQUEST OF MASHONALAND BY MOSELE. KATSE-SCENES IN THE ROYAL KRAAL OF LOBENGULA-BRITISH INTERESTS AT STAKE-RESOLUTE MEN IN

COMMAND. Day by day the outlook in Mashonaland becomes more ominous. There is no doubt that the Matabele impls, or legions, are advancing with deadly intent upon Fort Victoria, whose little British garrison stands in hourly expectation of attack by ten times their number. It is a second Zulu war, with the immediate result still in doubt, but with the final result assured. For it is a necessity of civilization that the ruthless power of the Zulus should be checked and broken. In no other way can peace be assured and safe opportunity be gained for developing the vastly rich resources of the land. of all the African tribes, the Zulus have long been foremost in the arts of war; and of the Zuius the most formidable are those now known as Matabeles. Their history is written in blood and fire, a record of murderous horrors, comparable with the enormities of Attila and Timur

THE BLOOD-STAINED BATTLE-AXE.

There was in olden time a chieftain whose name was Zula living on the shore of Delagoa Bay, and being a man of mighty prowess he made himself King over both his own tribe and all others in the region southward to the upwaters of the Orange River, and welded them into one nation, which he called after himself, Zulu. These people were tall of stature and powerful in battle and in chase, and easily vanquished any of the neighboring tribes who might cross their way, such as the Griquas and the Bechuanas, though, indeed, they all at first came from the same Bechuana stock. Thus the Zulus became much renowned and feared throughout all Southern Africa, from the Cape to the Limpopo River, and their king, Essenzinconyarna, a hundred years ago, had no rival in all the land. This monarch, whose name it is a burden to repeat, set up his court with his thirty wives on the shore of the Bay of Santa Lucia, and there many children were born to him, among them one whose birth was attended by such miraculous phenomena as made him a marked child in the royal kraal. To this son was given the name of T'Chaka.



A MATABELE WARRIOR.

which means "The Battle-Axe," and worthily he wore it. For he grew up a giant in stature and strength, shrewd, cunning, ferocious, delighting only in slaughter, and as cold and hard of heart as steel.

So threatening did this Battle-Axe become even in boyhood that his aged father took fright, and thought it best to put him out of the world, discovering which sage intention the lad fled with his brother, Umgartie, to the kraal of Tingiswaa, chief of the Umtatwas There he found refuge until the old King died and was succeeded by one of his sons; upon which he sent Umgartie back with the story that T'Chaka had been slain. The lie was believed, and Umgartie was received with favor and made chamberlain of the royal kraal. This was just what he wanted, for it gave him a chance to murder the King, his brother, and to open the gate to T'Chaka, who now took possesgion of the throne. It was entirely characteristie that this Battle-Axe's first achievement as King was to crush the Umtatwas, who had given him asylum, and make them subject to his rule.

Then the Battle-Axe, surnamed "the Bloody," began a career of conquest scarcely rivalled in all the annals of slaughter. He organized an army of one hundred thousand men, half of whom were constantly under arms. He abolished the slender javelin, used for throwing, and introduced the deadly assegal, a short, stout stabbing spear, reminding one of the Roman pilum. He forbade his soldiers to marry, fed them only on raw meat, and periodically sorted out the old and infirm warriors and speared them to death. "Such cripples are only in the way," he said, "and do but consume the meat which my young men should have to make them stout and lusty!" His soldier literally had "to conquer or to die," for all who were defeated or who even retreated were promptly put to death. He had no wives, but innumerable concubines, whom he put to death as soon as he grew tired of them. breaking their necks with his own hands. He also slew his own mother, and then massacred all the people in seven villages, "for the repose of her soul!" Finally, after triumphs innumerable and crimes unspeakable, this monster of vice and ferocity was speared to death by his own brothers, Dingaan and Umslungaani.

## MOSELEKATSE, THE MATABELE.

Such, then, were the antecedents of the Mata beles, or Amazulus. For the chief and favorite officer of T'Chaka's army was one Moselekatse, a creature in strength and ferocity second only to the Battle-Axe himself. And he, at about the height of T'Chaka's power, "smelled blood"; and not wishing to be smitten by the Battle-Axe, and not daring himself to strike, took with him ten thousand warriors, the best in the Zulu army, and marched over the Drakensburg into the land of the Mashonas. This was in the year 1817, and Mashona land, a fair and pleasant country, was inhabited by 390,000 peaceful, pastoral folk; among whom Moselekatse and his men came as wolves in a sheepfold. They slew the men and boys wholesale, sparing the women only to make them their wives and servants. Within a generation not more than 100,000 Mashonas remained alive and the Matabele kingdom, as Moselekatse's realm was known, had taken the place of the declining Zulu kingdom as the arbiter of fate in all South Africa. They bore their sway down to the Orange River and up far north of the Zambesi-a military rule scarcely less ruthless than that of T'Chaka the Bloody.

A visitor to Moselekatse, when that monarch was in the prime of life and the height of his power, has written of him thus: "The expression of the despot's features, though singularly cunning, wily and suspicious, is not altogether disagreeable. His figure is rather tall, well turned and active, but through neglect of exercise, lean ing to corpulency." (The King himself is the only databele who is allowed to grow fat. The others st be lean, so as to run fast and fight well. If any allow themselves to grow fat, the King ners, the searching quickness of his eye, the great aim has been to mould the heterogeneous

point of his questions and the extreme caution of his replies stamp him at once as a man capable of ruling the wild and sanguinary spirits by which he is surrounded. The elliptical ring on his closely shorn scalp was decorated with three green feathers from the tail of the paroquet; a single string of small blue beads en circled his neck; a bunch of twisted sinews dangling before and behind with lectards' tails, completed his costume."

THE COURT AT BULUWAYO.

This mighty savage ruled with unfaltering hand until 1868, when he died, and was suc ceeded by his son Lobengula, who is a worth son of such a sire. He has removed from hifather's capital, Mosega, and has his court at Bulawayo, on an emminence commanding all the country round. It consists, says a recent visitor in "The Pall Mall Gazette," of an enormous kraal, surrounded by a double fence of strong tree stems, and contains the royal residence, cattle enclosures, smaller kraals for witchcraft ceremonies for the big officers of State, and royal Lobengula himself occupies a house made of mud and wood, erected for him by on a dirty mattress on the ground, watched of those temples and cities and the workers of

races in his army into a united whole, with common customs and a common language. He has done his best to make his name respected and his power felt among his people by administering justice firmly and impartially. His methods may not be such as civilized nations are accustomed to, but none the less he is a man among his people in advance of his age. encompassed his left ankle, and the usual girdle. He is very temperate, and has never been known to condescend to get into a passion. In all his deatings his conduct has been regulated by a dignified self-possession.

HARRYING THE MASHONAS. Matabeleland is naturally divided into three parts. There are the highlands, fertile, well watered, and altogether a delightful countrythe abode of the King and his retainers. There is the mountainous region, skirting the highlands on three sides, including Mashonaland proper. And there are the lowlands along the Zambesi and Limpopo rivers. Chief interproper. And there are the lowlands ale Zambesi and Limpope rivers. Chief est centres now in Mashonaland proper, the est centres now in Mashonaland proper, the country of King Solomon's mines, that Land of Ophir, whence the great king drew those vast supplies of gold which made Jerusalem so splendid that silver became of no more account than the stones in the streets. The country abounds in imposing architectural ruins, tokens of a high civilization contemporaneous with the Physichs. But the heiders

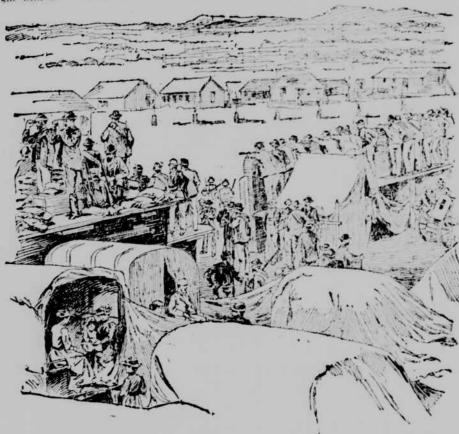


SETTLEMENT OF THE BRITISH SOUTH AFRICA COMPANY AT BULUWAYO.

SETTLEMENT OF THE BRITISH SOUTH AFRICA COMPANY AT BULUWAYO.

Over by his favorite beer-girl, a lady whose proportions, like those of her royal master, show in an eminent degree the fattening properties of the national beverage. In one corner stand a number of rifles, presents to the king, from various hunters; in another sacks of corn and baskets of tobacco. All state and other, business is transacted in a cattle kraal outside, where the king, now a sufferer from gout said, where the king, now a sufferer from gout said, where the king, now a sufferer from gout said, where the king, now a sufferer from gout said, where the king, now a sufferer from gout said, where the king, now a sufferer from gout said, where the king, now a sufferer from gout said, where the king, now a sufferer from gout said, where the king, now a sufferer from gout said, where the king, now a sufferer from gout said, where the king, now a sufferer from gout the description; a fire burns close at hand, where with the royal chef prepares the choice pieces of meat intended for the king and any guest he wishes to distinguish, after which the beergirl hands to her master his favorite drink, first having tasted it herself. All reports from every part of the kingdom are here made, the messengers coming toward the royal presence on hands and knees, shouting the kingly titles all the while. If necessary, a council is held, corner is stand to kraal, inspecting cattle, in which he takes the greatest pride, and transacting business.

Once a year takes place the great war dance, when all regiments available are gathered round the royal kraal. Small parties from every military station arrive some days in advance to build huits for their regiments, and an enormous temporary town springs up and covers the whole plan. Soon after the troops march in, very orderly under their indunas, and take up their quarters, the women follows, and take up their quarters, the women follows.



FORT VICTORIA: THE SETTLERS AWAITING THE ATTACK OF THE MATABELES.

the harvest and to the king to whom all is due. The dance consists of a slow movement of the body, stamping the feet and waving the shield, to the stick of which a jackal's tail is attached. The swaying to and fro of this resembles at a distance the waving of ears of corn.

LOBENGULA AND HIS WARRIORS. But the great event, and one once seen never be forgotten, is the big dance, par excellence, when all the troops as semble in the immense royal Each regiment marches in and takes its position without sound almost and certainly without confusion, the whole army eventually forming the famous Zulu half-moon-its battle array. Every soldier is now in full war dress, and most picturesque these savage warrior look. A heavy cape of black ostrich feathers lies over the shoulders and covers the head all but the face, a long plume of the blue crane surmounting all and waving proudly above. The shoulders are tipped with a white ostrich feather, giving extra breadth to the chest; a band of the long-haired blue monkey skin surrounds the arm immediately above the elbow, while a heavy kilt, supplied by the same animal, or by wildcat or leopard, hangs down to the knee. Brass or iron necklets captured in war are suspended from the neck, and perhaps a gayly colored handkerchief is wound round the waist. An oval shield of cowhide. three assegais and a stick complete the dress, and a Matabele warrior, tall as he is, thus accoutred, is worth going a great many miles to see. When men to the number of 1,100 to 1,200 are thus drawn up on parade-the indunas, more magnificent in their stature and dress, standing in front of their respective regiments-

it is a spectacle not easy to excel. Lobengula himself, who is now about fiftyeight years old, is a man of dignified bearing. Prior to assuming the kingship he discarded the European for the native dress, as a sign to his people that he was not the white man's He is distinguished for a marvellous memory, and as things go in Matabeleland he is distinctly a man of advanced ideas. His

regiments meet together, feasting on beef and beer. The very rites they perform at that festival have no other object but to inspire them with fearless courage. At this occasion human flesh is cooked, together with various kinds of medicines. This human flesh is taken from slain people. Superstition plays a great part in the performance of those ceremonies, all of which have relation to their war expeditions. The old belowers fan the flames of bloodingst by surhave relation to their war expeditions. The old indunas fan the flames of bloodthirst by sar-casm and ivery. "You are but girls," they say to the young warriers, and "beardless boys," "How is it that you never yet bathed your assegals with human blood?" In general, cow-ardice is looked upon as the greatest disgrace a Matabele can bring on himself.

CONFLICT WITH THE BRITISH.



A GOLD DIGGER'S HUT.

a treaty with the British South Africa Company by which a virtual protectorate was established over the whole country. This greatly changed the aspect of affairs. British administrators took charge of the country; British prospectors flocked in and opened mines of exceeding richness. King Solomon, it was found, had not got all the gold out; he had only scratched the surall the gold out; he had only scratched the surface of the deposits. Forts were soon built and a police system organized, and villages of English folk beran to grow about the forts. The chief places thus founded are Fort Victoria, Fort Salisbury, Fort Charter, Fort Tuli and Tati. There is also a little official colony at Buluwayo, the king's capital. These places are far apart. Fort Salisbury is at the north; 65 miles south of

it is Fort Charter; 123 miles further south is Fort Victoria; and 200 miles further is Fort Tull. Some six hundred border police are guarding the last-named place, and the company has about 1,600 men to look out for the other three, mostly gathered now at Fort Victoria, where the first boit seems likely to fall. The fort is stoutly stockaded, and the men are well armed, and have several machine-guas. But there will only be six or seven hundred fighting men to withstand the onset of ten thousand of the finest athletes in the world, well armed, perfectly disciplined and as feroclous as famished tigers. The head of the British Company is Mr. Cecil Rhodes, the Prime Minister of Cape Colony, a man of extraordinary ability, resource, authority. Under him as Administrator in Mashonaland, is one Dy Jameson, than whom a better could not be pair in the place. He is a shrewd, canny Scot, utterly fearless and most resolute; as one may readily reckon from his resolute; as one may readily reckon from his it is Fort Charter; 123 miles further south is Fort shrewd, canny Scot, utterly learness and most resolute; as one may readily reckon from his recent dispatch from Fort Victoria to Sir Henry Loch: "I wish to assure your Excellency that, should you not prohibit it, we could from Mashonaland settle the whole question." What-Mashonaland settle the whole question." What-ever marplotry may intervene, one day there must be just such a settlement as these quiet, grim words betoken. The shield and spear of the Matabele must be broken, and lasting peace thus secured for the land, as thus only can it ever be secured.

## ANECDOTES OF KINGS.

LEOPOLD OF BELGIUM AND THE MISTRESS OF A VILLAGE TAVERN.

THE PART A DOG PLAYED IN THE INTRODUC-TION OF TWO AMERICAN WOMEN TO THE AUSTRIAN RULER-ALEXANDER OF SER-

VIA AND THE ROBBER CAPTAIN. The giant-like and long-hearded King Leopold f Belgium is one of the most democratic monarchs now occupying European thrones. He loves to incognito, talk with his subjects in out of-the-way places and learn in that way the opinions people have regarding him. In Spa a fer weeks ago he had one of those experiences which

Accompanied by his adjutants, the King took long drive in the beautiful country surrounding the famous resort. At Peplaster the two men left the carriage to walk back to Spa. As they approached a little village, a mile or more from the watering place, a heavy rain-storm came up. Besides the few huts there was only one tavern in the village. Above its door were the words; l'assurance contre la solf." "Et contre la pluie, said the King, rapping at the door and demanding admittance. The two trav-liers, class in civilians clothes, took their places among the workmen at the tables and were soon served with refresh-

"The face of that big chap I have seen sor where," said the hostess in the dialect of the place to her husband, who stood near the wine

"It is familiar to me, too," was the laconic When the rain had stopped "the big chap," who

had heard the characterization with pleasure, called the hostess and gave her a 20-franc piece and his photograph.

Casting her eyes a moment at the picture, the good woman shouted: "It is he! It is he!" Then, bowing respectfully, she handed tack the meney with the remark:

"For Your Majesty there is nothing to pay," The King took the money, went on his way to Spa and there told his experience. The little tav-ern has since then become extremely popular, and there are few guests in Spa who have not visited L'assurance contre la soff and admired the pho-tograph of His Majesty which now occupies a place of honor on the walls.

A STRANGE MEETING AT ISCHL.

A little, ugly, short-tailed and long-haired dog was the cause of a quasi-introduction of two wellknown American women to the Austrian Emperor at Ischl a few days ago. The two Americans, at Jechi a few days 1go. The two who had been passing the summer at the resort, were taking a walk in the beautiful Janitzenthal, accompanied by their colored maid and the dog. As they approached the Janitzenberg, in the Imperial preserves, the brate, following a scent, hurried through the hedge liming the public road and disappeared. The maid hastened after the pet and each found herself in the presence of a tall, handsome man, clad in the green suit of the forcolored girl in that part of the valley, the asked what the matter was, He soon learned the cause of the trouble, and asking the name of the animal, took a whistle from his pocket. New it aloud, and then called at the top

received an order to go in search of the missing

he names of her mistress and the notel where they were staying, and many particulars about Promising to return the dog to the hotel in ase it was found, he bade the maid return to her

ivery called at the hotel with the dog-and a message from the Emperor of Austria, expressing he hope that the return of the runaway would "forester" was the ruler of Aus-

ING ALEXANDER CONFRONTED BY A BANDIT. According to Servian papers, the young King of Servia had an exciting experience with a famous and a few days ago, While His Majesty, in he company of his adjutant and a number of soltiers, was driving across Mount Zlatiber toward Usicze, a fierce-looking man, armed to the teeth and carrying a pistol in his hand, sprang suddenly out of the thick forest before the royal wagon. The astonished guards of the King hastened to surround the carriage, when the unwelcome guest, browing away his weapons and kneeling before he young monarch, cried: "My master and King am the robber-captain Dragitch Zsumitch, whose head a reward of 39,000 francs has been offered. Up to the present time no one has been able to capture me; I now lay my destiny voluntarily in your hands,"

The soldiers took possession of the robber, but the King ordered them to release him, and diected Zsumitch to deliver himself up to the police In ail probability his fate will be a mild one bragitch has been for years one of the worst ban-

Emperor William's love of the use of Latin quo tations-he is an excellent Latin scholar, de his splendld training at the gymnasium of Casse illustrated again recently in his telegram the Berlin Regatta Wansee Society, "Navigar accesse est, vivere non necesse," wrote His Maj esty in the course of his congratulatory words The saying, it may be remembered, is that of Pompey, and is to be found in chapter fifty of Plutarch's biography. In order to prevent a famne in Rome in the year 57, B. C., Pompey was empowered to import as much grain as possithe city. He had fifteen assistants. In order to assure the success of his work he went in person to Sicily, Sardinia and Africa. When or the point of returning home a terrible storm broke forth, and the sailors refused to put to sea with the load of grain. Pompey sprang into one of the ships and commanded the anchors to be raised, adding: "It is necessary that we embark it is not necessary that we live." This classica remark is engraved over the entrance to the fa nous "Schafferhaus" in Bremen.

A RULER WHO IS ALMOST A TOTAL ABSTAINER King Humbert of Italy, like his father, Victor Emmanuel, is a firm believer in temperance. He tastes liquors and wines so seldom, in fact, that he is almost a total abstainer. This trated a few weeks ago when His Majesty visted a great vermouth distillery in Pallenzo. the owner of the distillery offered the King a glass of his finest brand so popular in the sunny land, he declined it laughing, with the words: "have been called to be the head of a wine-pro have been called to be the head of a wine-producing nation par excellence and ought to set a good example in the consumption of our wines. Unfortunately—and I almost fear the admission—there is hardly a poorer wine-drinker than myself in all Italy."

On State occasions and at official dinners King Humbert is, of course, obliged to drink some wine when toasting his guests or responding to their toasts. But he always takes as little of the wine as cfiquette will permit. He merely touches the glass with his lips on other occasions, and when dining with his family rarely even tastes it. His son, it is said, cares almost as little for wine as his father and grandfather. SAM WALTER FOSS.

SINGS OF A COW AND OTHER USEFUL THEMES

AMERICA HAS NOT YET BEEN DISCOVERED-THE SWEET REST OF MEN WHO WORK ON THE HIGHWAY-THE WAY TO NAUGUS CENTRE.

(Copyright, 1833, By Sam Walter Foss.) THE OLD COW.

I used to go a-milking when the shades of night were falling And the sunset's benediction sanctified the even-When the crickets from the thickets in their piping

strains were calling.

And the twilight peace was brooding, softly brood-But the twilight peace I felt not, night's odorous

And the black night gloomed about me with a mel-When I strained each manual muscle in an agoniz-

ing tussle
But the old cow wouldn't "give down."

The old cow wouldn't "give down!"

lauded cow.

O. Brindle, most lactiferous of all the herd herbiv-Nearly always non-withholding, grandly generous

No cow grazes with such praises, for thy praises were vociferous. For thou wert our most beloved and our most be-

But sometimes all unapplauded, unbeloved, unbelauded. Did our looks of admiration darken to a gloomy frown?

Yes, our looks were black and baleful when we went to get a pailful-And the old cow wouldn't "give down."

The old cow wouldn't "give down,"

Milking since has been my mission, and my cow is young ambition.

And I've milked her night and morning, milked her early, milked her late; But my butter (sad to utter), my sweet butter of fruition

Does my most persistent churning often fail to concentrate.

Though my milking seat's adjusted, still my cow

cannot be trusted.

And the smile of fickle fortune often darkens to a

When I pull with tearful traction, but I get no sat-For my old cow won't "give down,"

My old cow won't "give down,"

And all ye who read this jingle, who peruse this Hiting lyric, Will ye say, "His cow was stubborn when he botch

You can say who read this lyric, if you wish to be "When the author wrote that lyric, why, his cow

would not 'give down.'
Though he milked with much compulsion, and he strained with great convulsion, She heeded not his prodding, heeded not his kick

or frown; And she showed the bard no pity when he tried to milk this ditty. And his old cow wouldn't 'give down,'

His old cow wouldn't 'give down."

WHO WILL DISCOVER AMERICA?

In those grand and good old days, when we old folks were young, everybody believed that Christo-pher Columbus discovered America. The school the veracity of a school book we would have exheaven dart through the cloven sky and strike the impious wretch to the earth. But now any gump knows that Columbus didn't

discover America at all. He meant well, but he was

Lief Ericson, we are told, discovered it almost five hundred years before. But now we know very well that Lief didn't do anything of the kind. Lief was an active young man, but he was born too late An Irishman named Brendin three or four hundred years earlier, in a moment of inadvertence sailed over this way and accidentally stumbled against something which he was very much surame out of the brush, saluted the "forester" and prised to find, upon closer examination, was a new world. But still Brendin didn't discover America. He prograstinated too long.

overed it a hundred years before. sionaries could not have been very zealous. They were so dilatory. The Phoenicians had already discovered America many hundred years earlier.

Of course by this time we have no opinion of old Columbus at all, and the historians are calling him all kinds of names. He was a pirate and a slaver and a crank, they say. However this may be, we know he was as slow as cold molasses, and was so ignorant of history that he started out to discover America a thousand years or two after it had been But we really have not discovered the discovere

yet, and after studying the subject carefully, and after looking into all the original authorities, I am convinced that he never will be discovered. In fact, all the historians are barking up the wrong tree, They are on a false scent. They have run until they are out of breath upon the wrong trail. They have started with false premises and have conse quently reasoned to a false conclusion. With most illogical haste they have all juraped to the conclusion that America has been discovered. Starting out with this egregious error, it is of course natural for them to try their best to discover its discoverer. But, of course, this is an utter imposhave found that America has never been discovered Columbus didn't discover it. Lief didn't discover Brendin didn't discover it. The Buddhists didn't discover it. The Phoenicians didn't discover it. I have traced every rumor to its source and I have found that not one of them has a leg to stand on, America has never been discovered. The sooner w get this monstrous delusion out of our mind the

But there is no doubt but this thing has gone or long enough. It has dilly-dallied along so that we are all justified in losing our patience. Shall we permit America to continue undiscovered any longer? Here is an opportunity for some ambitious young man to make himself famous. Who will

AN ANIMATED GUIDE-POST. "I want to go to Naugus Centre," said the belated

"Presume ye do," said old Hank Blodgett. "I'm in a terrible hurry," said the belated trav

"Can you tell me the way to get there?"

"Hol' on till I light my pipe, an' I'd like to talk with you an hour or two. I 'spose I can tell you more about Naugus Centre than any other man in this region." "All I want to know is the way to get there,"

"Wall, I'll tell ye, in the proper course of my remarks. Yer see, Naugus Centre is where the Allenses live. They've got twelve in a family ar dog. There's of Nat Allen who hez the roomatiz, an' Aunt Nan, thet's his wife, who is wuss than the roomatiz. An' Bill Allen's no good, an' Bige who hez fits, an' Bartholomew who run away to Bo an' became a dood, an' Sal Ann who is a lunkhead, an' who has got Zach Twombley's oldest son for a beau, coz he's a bigger lunkhead than she is, an' Clarinda who hasn't got no beau, but makes crow shay things, which is a wass waste of time than a beau an'-oh, I fergot Peter the oldest boy-kinde curus-I fergot Peter-tarnal strange I disremembered Peter-an' Silas an' Jim an' the twins an

bered Peter—an' Silas an' Jim an' the twins an' an' Molie an'—"
"But, sir, I'm in a terrible hurry—"
"But, sir, I'm in a terrible hurry—"
"Wall, I can sympersize with ye, I'm in a tarnal hurry myself. I can't walt to tell ye proper the way I want to, so I'll jest give ye the principle pints. Sorry I'm in sich a rush, but I mus' tell ye bout the fambly thet lives next to the Allenses on the north—the Bunkers. There's 'Rastus an' Zach, an' Phoebe, an' Fedeciyer an' the Baby, Wall I'm in an awful hurry so I'll begin with 'Rastus, 'Rastus yer see he hed a boy who hed a dog who hed fits. Wall, yer see this dog— But hol' on, I've got ahead er my story. Thet is a first rate story but it don't come in here. You jest remember about thet dog, I'm comin' back to him after I've tol' ye 'bout the rest er the famberly, thet I fergot all about w'ile I wuz chasin' roun' after thet dog, There wuz—lemme see—there wuz Zach Bunker who hed red hair, an' who uster go courtin' the schoolmarm, an' now he's dead, an' there wuz Phoebe who went to the Seminary over to Grassville Centre, an' got a diploma, and Fideelyer who hed a beau, who hed a dog thet hed fits— Thet wuz 'Rastus's dog—

I'm gittin' ehead er my story again. I'll go back an' begin—no I won't neither. I'll finish up this dog now I've got him here——"
"But I take no interest in the dog. What is the way to Naugus Centre?"

"Don't want to hear bout the dog:
"No."
"Good story."
"Can't help it."
"Wall yer see the dog—"
"What is the way to Naugus Centre?"
"Wall I'm getting to it as fast as I can. Don't rush a feller into his grave. Yer see this dog—"
"Will you or won't you tell me the way to Naugus Centre? Drop the dog."
"Wall stranger you've been standin' right in front of the postofice in Naugus Centre for the last fifteen minutes. But a feller who don't take any interest in 'Rastus Bunker's dog can't be expected to hev no sense: I haint got no time to waste on ye any more. Good day."

WHEN WE WORKED OUR TAX OUT. Oh, our life was tough and tearful, and its toil was often fearful.

And often we grew faint beneath the load. But there came a glad vacation and a sweet alleviation.

viation,

When we used to work our tax out on the road.

When we used to work our tax out then we felt the When we used to work our tax out then we left the joys of leisure.

And we felt no more the prick of labor's goad;
Then we shared the golden treasure of sweet rest in fullest measure—
When we used to work our tax out on the road.

There are saplent seers and sages who predict, in

Life's tragedy of labor will be o'er.

And a glad full-fledged millennium will leap proscenium.

And we'll play, but never labor any more.
But we look not in the future for that happy, hal-

cyon hour
When we'll throw off every burden, every load;
For our Eden burst in flower, and we dozed in
leisure's bower,
When we used to work our tax out on the road.

When we used to work our tax out (if I let the

We had somnoient contentment and repose,
With no toll or work to cumber us our rest was
sweet and slumberous
And in deep, delictious dreaming did we doze.
The drowsiness of languid rest o'er every man was creeping.
And in a calm, serene content we all threw down

our load; Careless of life's wail and weeping, every blessed When we used to work our tax out on the road. SAM WALTER FOSS.

## MINNEKAHTA.

A SEMI-TROPICAL RESORT IN THE HEART OF THE BLACK HILLS.

Hot Springs, S. D., Oct. 6.-It is unfortunate that this delightful resort in the very heart of the Black Hills should have dropped the cuphonious name of Minnekahta, by which it was so known, and contented itself with the provaic translation. Hot Springs, a name perhaps better adapted for comectal purposes. As might have been expected, a neighboring junction has appropriated the name fter the prevailing Western habit of "jumping"

claims whenever an opportunity offers. The most fastidious and exacting person in the world ought to be satisfied here. The hotels are modern in every sense of the word and are built with lavish expenditure. There are many cottages also that jut out from the high bluffs flanking the main streets with a quaint Tyrolese effect. alth-seekers are not the only people at the Springs by any means. Pleasure-hunters and those who have forsaken the seashore for a few weeks' trip to the mountains drift here, attracted partly by the beauty of the hills and partly by curiosity about the far-famed plunge. In one respect at least Hot Springs is certainly unique. There are more men than women, and every girl who dons a trim, jaunty and becoming mountain suit may have from two to five escorts, if she wishes, for her walks, limbs and long burro rides. This is a condition of affairs that cannot last long, as the place is in danger of becoming altogether too popular for the summer idlers, and the feminine element will be sure to predominate in a season or two.

The girl who expects to languish in hammocks or

protect her complexion by the becoming shade of dainty parasol will find herself out of place in Hot Springs. She must adapt an entirely different ourse, or go to a dreamier, balmier place, where the air is conducive to languor and repose, and where thin muslins are in order. The air itself, to ay nothing of the plunge, has an exhilarating effect, keeping one wide awake and alert and in excellent trim to take the long rides and walks that are sufficiently fatiguing to induce the delicious sleep for which this country is famous. The cresses worn at the ordinary resort would be out f place here. One must wear mountain suits during the day if one expects to enjoy any degree of omfort when out sight-seeing. But in the evening one has only to go to the large hotels to see numpers of fashionably dressed women from San Franand daughters of mine-owners or of Western yndicate land-owners, who make an annual trip o the hills in the interests of business.

Hot Springs is a favorite place to spend Sunlay. All tourists in this locality make it the and comforts offered; and people from the neighboring towns and forts literally pour into the town Saturday night. All the shops do a good business on Sunday, and the streets are crowded by promenaders in best attire. On Saturday night, if there is a large dance going on at one of the hotel plazzas, the streets are fairly blockaded by the n-lookers, conspicuous among whom are cowboys and miners, who ride into town to see the fun. As for the young men one sees about the place, they are generally civil or mining engineers who have drifted from the East after fin There are a number of graduates of Harvard, Yale and Columbia, most of whom were perts" when they first came to the Hills and located in Deadwood or Lead City, but after a month or two would dwindle down into plain mining en

Every stranger makes straight for the plunge-a magnificent arrangement, unlike anything else in this country. The water bubbling up from the ground at a temperature of 96 degrees changes constantly, and the presence of sulphates and carbonates makes it soft and delightful. It is as clear as crystal and full of beautiful turquoise tints. There are any number of bathers all day pleaty of spectators in the walks and galleries on the sides of the tank. In early days the springs were famous among the Indians and cowboys for their wonderful medicinal properties. baths were pronounced sure cures for rheumatism and preventives of mountain fever. The Indians had a moccasin-shaped tub hewn out of stone, which was kept long after the tepee settlement became a favorite health resort. A few years ago the magnificent stone hotel and sanitarium replaced the claim cabin which succeeded the tepees, and to-day health-seekers who have tried the hot springs of

nificent stone hotel and sanitarium replaced the claim cabin which succeeded the topees, and to-day health-seekers who have tried the hot springs of Arkansas or Carlsbad and other European springs with doubtful results come here as a last resort, it is sald that the rheumaties get pretty well limbered up in a few weeks and are ready to join in a dance or two before leaving. The main springsfour in number—unite with eight or ten small ones and form Fall River, which flows along gently for ten miles or more, losing little of its heat.

The town itself is pretty. Its biulidings, which are pleasing architecturally, are built for the most part of the red sandstone which is one of the layers in the lillis. One is prepared for a plensant impression of the town, for the road from Edgemont passes through the most picturesque and fantastic portions of the country. Although in the mining town. The prospecting has been altogether for new springs in the vicinity, with more or less of the excitement which characterizes a Western boom. A group of springs about twelve miles distant, on the old Sidney stage road, forms the nucleus for a new town and rival resort, owned at present by a syndicate, which has hopes of making Cascade Springs as famous as old Minnekahta.

After one has gone into the plunge a half dozen times, taken as many rides on a burro and climbed the steep bluffs, it is absolutely imperative to make a pilgrimage to Wind Cave. Visitors to the World's Fair who have gone into the improvised cave in the Horticultural Building have seen some of the spread of this natural wonder. Already more than 120 miles of underground passages have been explored and over 100 rooms have been thrown open. Every traveller is supplied at the entrance of the cave with garments that have an unoleasant resemblance to overalls. One is compelled to travel a good part of the way on hands and knees through narrow passages and fissures which have been extended in February. There are rooms like small cathedrals, filled with intricate mazes, in